Brooklyn, Oct. 28, 1835.

Wednesday morning.

My dear partner in the joys and honors of persecution:

I wrote a few hasty lines to you by yesterday's mail, stating that no intelligence had reached me from Boston since my departure. Last evening, however, I was overwhelmed with joy on receiving, by the kindness of Mr. Howard, a huge bundle of newspapers and a letter from you, and also one from friend Burleigh for brother Henry. I sat up till 2 o'clock this morning, devouring the contents of the whole mass, and went to bed without feeling any fatigue, and have risen this morning with a sheepish look. I shall now be able to drive my editorial quill somewhat freely.

After perusing your affectionate letter, the Liberator of Saturday came next in course. It gave me unalloyed satisfaction, as I think it is one of the best numbers we have ever published. Friend Burleigh's article, respecting the riot, is most admirably and graphically written, and I have scarcely any thing to add to it. However, as something on the subject will naturally be expected from my pen, I shall make a simple

N.B. Keep me supplied with Letters and newspapers as regularly as you can. Do not fail to let me hear from you on Monday or Friday.

statement of my seizure, committal to jail, &c. Accordingly, I have commenced it, and now send you the introduction. Altogether, it is probable that it will be somewhat protracted, though I hope not tedious. I also send you for conspicuous publication, the excellent letter written by dear Thompson, (of whom, by the way, you write nothing,) which may answer a good purpose for him at the present time.

It seems to me that my presence in Boston is indispensable, on many accounts. — Something must be done to sustain the Liberator, immediately, or how can it survive beyond the present volume? Something must be done, too, respecting the case of bro. Thompson. Then, as I am to break up housekeeping, it is proper that I should be present to give directions with regard to the disposal of things. Besides, I do not wish the charge to be made, that I have been driven out of Boston, and dare not return. Unless you and the friends interpose a positive veto, therefore, I shall probably be in Boston on Saturday evening, via Worcester. Henry and sister Anna will reach the city probably on Monday evening next.

Shall I come, or shall I not? I wish to be governed by your advice and the appearance of things in the city — but my desire is to be with you a few days.

If you see Mr. Vinal, tell him that I shall give up the lease immediately — i. e. as soon as I can remove my furniture.

I dread to put up my things at auction, as the sacrifice must be great. But what else can I do?

You are right in surmising, that there is a determination on the part of the city authorities to put down the anti-slavery cause in Boston, although they talk smoothly and make fair professions. They are not to be trusted. Old birds are not caught with chaff.

Probably you will be hindered in getting out the next Liberator, in consequence of being deprived of an office. Well, impossibilities must not be expected of us by our subscribers.

Give my very best thanks to friend Burleigh for his editorials, and ask him to write for this week's paper as much as he can, until I get regulated.

Who wrote the Sonnet addressed to me? It is a fine one.

Write to me immediately, so that I may hear from you by Friday's mail, and govern my

course accordingly. I shall send you the rest of my story to-morrow. Make such selections as you think best. Publish as much of the Utica Convention and speeches as you deem interesting.

Mr. Isaac Knapp,
Boston,
Mass.

Has my lost hat yet been found? I left my cloak at the Anti-Slavery Office — is it safe? Do not suffer my anti-slavery articles, at home, to be scattered. Hope Whittier will write something apropos respecting the Boston riot. My Helen is in good health, and so am I. Yours, truly, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.